

THE ANSWER.

And rose, in tatters on the garden path. Cried out to God and murmured 'gainst his wrath. Because a sudden wind at twilight's hush Had snatched her stem alone of all the bush. And God, who hears both sun-dried dust and sun, Had pity, whispering to that luckless one, "Sister, in that thou sayest we did not well— What voice hearest thou when thy petals fell?" And the rose answered: "In that evil hour A voice said, 'Father; wherefore fall'st thou to the flower?' For lo, the very gossamers are still; And a voice answered, 'Sown, by Allah's will.'"

DOROTHY'S LUNCH.

Dorothy Willis settled back in her seat, as the train started with the sigh of content. She was actually on her way to the city for a whole day's fun and shopping. She had been looking forward to this trip all the long, busy summer. It was to be her one outing for the year, for the heavy mortgage on the Willis farm made mere pleasure impossible. But there was shopping that must be done in the city, and mother had said that Dorothy should be the one to go, so she had been saving up her pennies for it all summer. She had found time to pick some berries, and she had gathered chestnuts to sell. She had a little money in one corner of her purse— "just for reckless extravagance," she said.

"I know that you will think I am dreadfully foolish," she said to her mother, early in the summer, but if I can save money enough I'm going into Delaney's to lunch." Delaney's was the most aristocratic place in the city, and charged accordingly. You almost had to pay for the privilege of passing on the sidewalk. "I've seen people going in, and it looks so lovely. It smells so good, too, clear out on the street. Somehow a put-up lunch goes down dreadfully hard after that. I'd like once in my life to play I was rich, and could have just what I wanted."

"Very well, my dear," answered her mother, "do as you please. We should be more than glad to give you all you want. It hurts us both to the quick, my daughter, to have you work so hard and be denied so many things, but—"

"Don't you say another word, Mother Willis," cried Dorothy. "You know I'm happy as the day is long most of the time, and I'd work ten times harder and five on potatoes and salt before I'd swap my blessed father and mother for any millionaires on the face of the earth. I only want to be foolish once for half an hour or so."

So Dorothy had picked berries, and gotten up early to tramp off after chestnuts, and all by itself in one corner of her purse was a crisp, new dollar bill for folly.

She had amused herself and family planning her lunch. "If you don't come home, Dorothy," said her brother Tom, "we shall know just what the trouble is—you've died of indigestion. I should expect to if I put any such conglomeration into my stomach."

"I am pretty healthy," laughed Dorothy. "I guess I can stand it for once." But now the long-looked-for day had come—Dorothy was really on her way! It was just 9 o'clock when she reached the city and started on her shopping. Such a long list as she had, and there was so much running about, to be sure and get the best bargains! "I shall have a fine appetite," she thought, for she had been much too excited to eat her breakfast properly.

At half-past eleven she decided she should go to lunch at 12, for she wanted to be there in the busiest time. It would be such fun to see the crowd, and be one of them for once. She had just been getting woolen stockings for father and Tom, and was waiting for her change, when she noticed a little girl, not far from her, eyeing a pile of men's cardigans very wistfully. Such a forlorn little mite as she was! Her dress was scant and faded, and her face was so thin and old. Dorothy felt as if she would like to put her arms around her and kiss her, she looked so pitiful. Perhaps she showed her loving sympathy in her face, for soon the child came towards her.

"One dollar and a half," answers the clerk, "and a big bargain, too."

For an instant Dorothy did not look at the child beside her. Poor little thing! Her bright look of expectation had faded, the tears were running down her cheeks, and she looked at the half-dollar in her hand in sorrowful surprise. It had been such hard work to get it, and it had seemed such good money.

"We—never can get one," she said with a sob, "and father will get more cold and be sick, I'm afraid." "Give her your lunch money," said conscience to Dorothy. "Can you be so mean and selfish and horrid as to go and get that foolish lunch when the money would do so much good to these poor folks?"

"But I worked so hard to get it, and I've anticipated it so much," pleaded Dorothy. "It isn't as if I had lots of pleasures." "The first mouthful ought to choke you to death," said conscience, remorselessly. "It took only a minute—less, if any thing—for Dorothy to think all this, to fight the little battle, and, thank God to come off conqueror."

"Don't cry, dear," she said. "I've got some money that I don't need. I'll put it with yours, and we will get it cardigan together. Then every time you see your father put it on you can think of me. Won't that be nice?"

The look on the child's face repaid Dorothy a thousand times for her little sacrifice. Indeed, it warmed her heart so that she slipped a quarter into the child's hand as they parted. "Get some sugar and milk for your mother's tea and butter for your bread tonight," she said. "I don't need that ribbon for my hat the old one will do well enough," she said to herself. "Well, did you have your wonderful lunch, and did you enjoy it as much as you expected?" asked Tom at night. "More. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. I didn't get just what I planned, but it was even more indigestible if anything," replied Dorothy, with a happy little laugh; and that was all she would ever say about it. "It may have been filling at the time but it doesn't seem to have stayed by you very well," said Tom, dryly, as he watched Dorothy eat her supper.

HERE IS A MORAL STORY.

Perhaps the young woman who wrote this moral story had read about that nice girl who always looked pleasant at the deaf and dumb man and found herself helpless to his property when his will was probated. This is only a supposition, of course. The story speaks for itself, as the reader will see. Mabel was a beautiful girl, just dawning into womanhood, and she ran a typewriter. She helped support her widowed mother, her father having been lost at sea many years previous to the beginning of this tale. Mabel could earn but little wages with her typewriter, because she was obliged to answer the telephone and she couldn't expect typewriter wages for doing that. But she did not complain. Every day when she rode down town in the electric cars she noticed an elderly gentleman whose clothes were old-fashioned and pretty shabby. He had a good face, but she could not help seeing that his trousers bagged at the knees a great deal. Other people noticed it, too, and snickered and made remarks and even called him "Old Baggy Knees," but Mabel never did. She was too well brought up for one thing, and, besides, she had a good heart. Whenever she could she made room on the seat for the old man, and once when there was no room to make she stood up and gave him her seat. After a while he talked with her and found out who she was and where she lived. One day she missed him. In fact, she saw him no more. It may have been a week or so when there came a heavy rap at the door. It was a man with a package. The address was "Miss Mabel Pinkington, No. 792 Skidmore place," and Mabel opened it with nervous haste. All it contained was a pair of much worn trousers and a card which read: "For the little woman who never called me baggy knees, from her sincere admirer, John Tewksbury." Mabel laughed, but her mother shook out the garment and said: "That's a funny present." She felt in the pockets, but there was nothing there. Then she threw the trousers across a chair and plaintively said: "You know, Mabel, dear, that we cannot make the last payment on this home tomorrow, and we will lose it."

Mabel sighed and answered, "Yes, mother, we will lose it." Just then her mother, who had been looking at the trousers idly, said: "I don't think I ever saw such baggy knees on a human person. They look fairly solid." She came a little closer and felt of them. "I declare, they are," she excitedly said. She turned them inside out, and, lo! two huge wads of \$20 bills fell on the floor, one from each knee. When they counted them they found there was \$4,180 in the two bunches. O, but that was a happy household! And next morning when the cruel agent came for his money he was given it before he could ask for it.

All of which shows that it always pays to be good and respectful to old persons.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The actual area of Greater New York is stated by the board of improvements to be as follows: Manhattan Borough, or Manhattan Island, 12,487 acres; borough of the Bronx, or annexed district, 25,270 acres; borough of Richmond, or Staten Island, 28,001 acres; borough of Brooklyn, 41,096 acres; borough of Queens, 79,841 acres. The official total area of Greater New York is 206 square miles, with an estimated population of 3,500,000.

RACING WARSHIPS.

When the American fleet left Martinique, its squadron evolutions must have presented a curious sight to those on shore. For it was here that the swiftest ships of the fleet gathered for their great handicap race to Dominica, an event officially designated as a merriest trial. The engines on each ship were subjected to a four hours' trial at full speed, the first two hours to be on natural draft and the last two on forced draft. The starting point was on a line seven miles off the lighthouse of St. Pierre, and was crossed by each ship going at full speed ahead. The better to "curb all attempts at racing," the slowest vessels crossed the line with a good start in their favor, thus evening matters, after the manner of a regular handicap race.

For days and weeks before, the sailors and stokers aboard the different ships had staked the better part of their pay on the outcome of this special trial. The rivalry between the men of the New York and Brooklyn vessels has been an open question ever since the day when the New York strove to overhaul the Brooklyn in her chase after the fleeing Cristobal Colon. For several hours, while the ships were getting up steam, they circled about each other like huge white birds of the sea hovering over the brine. To those aboard the Brooklyn and New York it seemed as if the two swift cruisers were eyeing each other, and measuring points in anticipation of the coming race.

The Indiana got under way first, and crossed the line at a twelve-knot clip with a trail of dense black smoke marking her course northward to Dominica. As the slowest of the five entries in the race, she was allowed to take a long start, and her smokestacks had nearly disappeared under the horizon before the Massachusetts slipped her leash. Of all the five ships, the Massachusetts was best prepared for the race, having been overhauled but lately, so that her engineers declared her to be all slicked and primed for just such a race and laid their wagers accordingly. After the Massachusetts was well on her way after the Indiana, Captain Sigbee started in pursuit of both with a fine burst of speed from the Texas. On the strength of the little Texas' performance on July 3 of last year, when she managed to maintain the killing pace set by the Oregon in the great record run after the Cristobal Colon, Captain Sigbee's men had high hopes of winning back some of the money they lost on the day of the recent regatta in Havana Harbor. With this pack in full cry ahead, the Brooklyn and New York got under way within twenty minutes of each other, the flagship starting at scratch.

The race became most exciting during the last two hours of the speed trial, when all the ships were going under forced draught. Then it was that the New York overhauled one ship after another, finally crossing the finish line off Dominica barely a ship's length ahead of the Indiana, and nearly even with the Massachusetts. Close behind her came the panting Brooklyn, and for behind, her hulk barely rising above the horizon line, came the vanquished Texas. Captain Sigbee's long protracted stay in the foul waters of Havana harbor had proved her undoing.—Edwin Emerson, Jr., in Collier's Weekly.

About Cats.

The bent of the cat's mind was pleasantly defined a few years ago by a writer in the London Spectator, who said there could be no doubt as to the view Puss took of the philosophy of nature and life. She is quite satisfied that the world and everything in it was made and exists for cats. This appears in all that well bred and cared-for cats, and in every accent and tone of their voice. Puss possesses herself with the air of a proprietor of the best place and the best food; expects to be waited upon; demands a share of every dish, and looks upon us at once as her Providence and her servant.

Cats are not demonstrative like dogs, and do not submit to training like the horse. The dog has been credited with unbounded affections, and the horse with almost human sagacity; but the cat still suffers under the bad character that Buffon—who cannot have been acquainted with any reputable specimens of the race—gave her. She is said to be selfish, spiteful, cruel, crafty, treacherous, loving places and not persons, and in every way unworthy of fellowship in the household. J. G. Wood answers these accusations by saying that the cats with which he has been most familiar "have been as docile, tractable and good tempered as any dog could be, and displayed an amount of intellectual power which would be equalled by very few dogs, and surpassed by none." To all persons who have given their confidence to Puss and received hers in return, they need no answer.

Then Came Silence.

In the train sat a queer old Quakeress. She wore a silver gray dress snowy collar and a gray bonnet. She was a large and handsome woman, and on her quiet face was peace. Two smart commercial travelers stepped into the same coach, and after they had discussed the spirit and tobacco trade while they looked around at the Quakeress. Then they looked at each other, smiled, and one remarked in an undertone: "Billy, I guess the old lady is inflated with Quaker yeast."

Without lifting her eyes, the old lady said in a clear voice that could be heard all over the car: "If my father and mother had consumed more sweet Quaker yeast and less beer and tobacco, they would have been better raised and better bred." Then it was so silent that you could hear the engine pump.

APHORISMS.

Ability is a poor man's wealth.—M. Wren. Avarice is the vice of declining years.—Bancroft. Candor is the brightest gem of citizenship.—Disraeli.

We enjoy thoroughly only the pleasures that we give.—Dumas. Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most like it least.—Johnson. Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty; inaccuracy of dishonesty.—C. Simmons. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.—Addison.

Affection lights a candle to our defects and though it may gratify ourselves its disgusts all others.—Lavater. The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.—Socrates.

In activity we must find our joy as well as glory; and labor, like everything else that is good, is its own reward.—E. P. Whipple. Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to praise which deceives them.—Rochefoucauld. There is a maxim of unflinching truth, that nobody ever prides into another man's concerns but with a design to do, or to be able to do, him a mischief.—South.

Call on a business man only at business times, and on business; transact your business, and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business.—Wellington.

FEMININE CHATTER.

Is there any one who suffered from writers' cramp because of indorsing checks? No man looks so tired as he who jws a small boy who is old enough to ask "why."

It always makes a woman awfully mad to, have some one say the bright things which she was just about to utter.

Just as soon as a woman fails to care when a man scolds her you can rest assured she is beginning not to care for him.

The college bred girl is ill-bred when she thinks that her extra learning warrants her being impertinent to her mother.

Just when a woman manages to get her hair trained into a nice pompadour, she rumor that bangs are returning to fashion.

A bird in the hand may be worth two in the bush, but it doesn't compare with the one on the hat, judging by the price of millinery thus adorned. Just as soon as you begin to think that there is no one quite as fine as yourself, then at that moment you can rest assured that there are others.

The craze for securing something for nothing makes a woman forget fatigue when she stands an hour in line to get a biscuit that her husband wouldn't eat if she made it.

The person who knows the plot of a play and tells it audibly to his neighbor is not so numerous as formerly, because, perhaps, there are so few plots that any one can discover in the up-to-date play.

War correspondents were employed as far back as the time of Edward II. Scribes, specially commissioned, were sent up with the English army which invaded Scotland at that time. But, incredible as it may sound, not one of the London newspapers was specially represented at the battle of Waterloo.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Justice is truth in action.—Disraeli. Our only greatness is that we aspire.—Jean Ingelow. What has been done can be done again.—Disraeli. Conduct is three-fourths of life.—Matthew Arnold. Judgment is forced upon us by experience.—Johnson. Age, like woman, requires fit surroundings.—Emerson. Houses are like the human beings who inhabit them.—Hugo. Money makes up in a measure all other wants in men.—Weyerley. Take hope from the heart of man and you make him a beast of prey.—Ouida. The refusal of praise is only the wish to be praised twice.—La Rochefoucauld.

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STRAY PICKINGS.

The way to get rich is to spend less than you earn. No man can climb higher than his highest ideal. No one can disgrace us but ourselves.—J. G. Holland. If a man could have his wishes, he would double his trouble. Back of every sorrow lies some joy, as back of the cloud the sun. Vice we can learn ourselves, but virtue and wisdom require a tutor. Praise is the handmaid of virtue, but the maid is much oftener wooed than the mistress. There is enough salt in the sea to cover seven million square miles of land with a layer one mile in thickness. "Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

There is a law preventing the crying of newspapers on the streets of Washington on Sundays and on week days after nightfall. "I never saw a man so afraid of fire as Sichenstein?" "Is he?" Yes. He always prefers an assignment.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. As showing the keenness of the writer's craft, it is said that the vulture and scorpion crow can smell their food for a distance of forty miles. But then it must be taken into account that the food has a somewhat penetrating flavor. The fact that skeleton remains of elephants are so rarely found in any part of Africa is explained by an explorer who states that as soon as the bones become brittle from climatic influences they are eaten in lieu of salt by various ruminant animals. One of the strangest streams in the world is in East Africa. It flows in the direction of the sea, but never reaches it. Just north of the equator, and when only a few miles from the Indian Ocean, it flows into a desert, where it suddenly and completely disappears.

\$100 Reward, \$100. "There are many men who wouldn't marry for money," growled the savage misogynist, "if they could get the money any other way."

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A wife certainly has no cause for complaint if her husband doesn't love her any more—providing he doesn't love her any less.

If wives were as nice to their husbands as female clerks are to their male customers but few matrimonial failures would be recorded.

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Via the WABASH RAILROAD. For the Y. P. S. C. E. Convention July 5th to 10th, all lines will sell tickets on July 3rd, 4th and 5th via the Wabash. The short line from CHICAGO or ST. LOUIS TO DETROIT, side trips to Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal, Mackinac, and many other points at a very low rate via lake or rail have been arranged. Parties contemplating a trip east should call on or write for rates and folders giving list of side trips, etc. Also a beautiful souvenir entitled "Lake and Sea." G. R. CLAYTON, Room 302, Karbach Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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